

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

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## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

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## THE BUGLE.

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
The Duty of Society to Criminals and Discharged Convicts.

Rev. Mr. STORMS, of Brooklyn, delivered a very eloquent sermon upon the above subject, on Sunday, at the Church of the Messiah, Broadway, before a numerous congregation. The Rev. gentleman took for his text the last clause of the 25th verse, 25th chapter of Matthew—"I was in prison and ye came unto me." He commenced by taking a general view of the duty of Christians to those who have deviated from the paths of rectitude and virtue. There are two great principles of the Christian character,—the first to feed the mind with the doctrines of Christ; the second to give food and clothing and comfort where they are needed. This is true Christian charity. It is to save: the same sublime virtue which is expressed by Christ in his mission. By the careful labor of Christian men, Asylums have been established, Reformatories and Institutions, have been formed which have exerted the most beneficial influences upon mankind. Christianity can point to what Infidelity or Paganism cannot show.—Asylums are her trophies—her field is the world, which is emblazoned on her banners.—The first class of criminals, said the speaker, are those who have been entrapped by older villains. There are such persons in all our prisons. The second class is larger in number: those who have been trained in vice from their youth, and who have had no education but in sin. These are generally trained in cities or in the outskirts of large towns. The child is thus made familiar with sin, and its only thought is to hide it. It is therefore not wonderful that they pursue a sinful course, and become the inmates of prisons. There is not one of those but who might walk the earth as a useful member of society, had he received proper training. In such souls there is always occasion for courage and hope. The worst and smallest class are those who have had examples of parental piety, but who are, notwithstanding, depraved. Of such men doubtless there is small hope although some even of them, have been saved against hope; and they may be reclaimed.—They are like us, with human hearts, susceptible of being impressed with sentiments of Christianity. It is clear that criminals cannot be reformed from punishment, when that punishment is just; but when the conviction is illegal, it becomes society to exert its influence in this behalf; and where the law under which they have been convicted is unjust, it is obligatory on Christianity to urge its repeal; but a just law conserves and advances the interests of society. It is intended to educate the criminal, and the carefullest vigilance should be exercised in the appointment of those having charge of those unfortunate. The speaker alluded to sympathy for the criminal in consequence of the pain he was sentenced to undergo for real crime, as pernicious and exerting a bad influence; and in substantiation, adverted to the Apostle Paul, who says: "If I have been an offender and deserve death, I refuse not to die." Our efforts should be to save criminals, morally. The deposit of power, continued the speaker, is always dangerous in the hands it is placed in, and in this connection he urged the necessity of appointing men as jailors whose example and influence would tend to reform those over whom he exercises the authority of master. This functional stands before the prisoner as a sort of representative of the society he has left behind. If cruel, he engenders a spirit of revenge, and still keeps him a criminal in feeling. If imbued with Christianity, the influence he exerts will be for the benefit of the criminal. It is, therefore, the duty of society to see that proper men, regardless of political considerations, are selected for these stations. By adopting this course, the first step in the way of reformation will be gained. The second point dwelt on by the speaker was proximity to crime. A criminal, he continued, put in conjunction with an old offender, will tend to augment his appetite for crime. He becomes saturated with evil which it is hard or even impossible to eradicate. Solitary confinement for long terms, with a view of reformation, he thought impracticable, although he deprecated the custom of convicts mingling together. The best mode would be to confine them solitarily, say for one day in a week, thus giving them time to think and contemplate. For short terms he recommended solitary confinement. Instruction in all useful branches of industry he also recommended, and solitary confinement for short terms would make books attractive, where elsewhere they would have been spurned,—all can

here see at a glance the opportunity for Christian instruction.

The criminal is suffering, and he knows it—degraded, and is aware of it, but let the gospel be explained to him in plain terms and by proper means and he will profit by it. There is no better place to reform under proper instructions.—The bonds which connect the criminal with society are not broken by being imprisoned. He is never lost who shows evidence of reformation, and exertion must be made to win him over.

On his egress from the prison walls Christians should meet him, and extend to him a helping hand, and aid him to find employment, and he will be inclined to pursue an exemplary course thereafter. There are Christian duties, and the duties of society are identical. He recommended that chaplains be appointed to all prisons, and of any sect which the criminal might choose. In conclusion, the Rev. gentleman urged upon all Christians the duty of contributing toward sustaining the Society for the Reformation of Discharged Convicts, of which the late Isaac Y. Hopper had been the leading spirit. Its existence in this City has been a center of hope; especially, has it accomplished a great and wise work in forming a Home for those who have served the term of confinement. The speaker then entered briefly into the statistics of the Association, which has since its organization relieved nearly one thousand persons, the present state of whom, as far as ascertained, is as follows:

Doing well,	225	Doubtful,	126
Employed,	470	Returned to prison,	19
Unknown,			137

### The Chances of Life.

Among the interesting facts developed by the recent census are some in relation to the laws that govern life and death. They are based upon returns from the State of Maryland, and a comparison with previous ones. The calculation it is unnecessary to explain but the result is a table from which we gather the following illustration:—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

10,233 infants are born on the same day and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these 1,243 never reach the anniversary of their birth; 9,025 commence the second year; but the proportion of deaths still continues so great that at the end of the third only 8,183, or about four-fifths of the original number, survive.—But during the fourth year the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreases. It goes on decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health. 7,134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes, the meridian of manhood, 6,392 have reached it. Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4,727, or less than half of those who entered life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy there are not a thousand survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one hundred and six the drama is ended; the last man is dead. —*Albany Journal.*

### Capital Punishment in Michigan.

Much noise has been made in regard to a presentation made by the Grand Jury of one of the counties in Michigan, in regard to the ill effects attending the repeal of the law of Capital Punishment. This presentation is published in form, every year; but all the facts in regard to it are kept back.—It has just been published by the New York Journal of Commerce, and copied into several papers. The "Star in the West," meets the matter with the following facts.—*Essex Freeman.*

1st. The presentment is now some two or three years old. (Have the fearful facts therein stated continued no alarm the Grand Jury to this day?)

2d. Upon the strength of this presentment the Legislature was petitioned to repeal the law abolishing Capital Punishment.

3d. The Legislature appointed a committee to investigate the subject; which the committee in the discharge of its duty, elicited the following facts, and reported the same to the Legislature; five murders had been committed in an unusually short time in Wayne County. (Detroit is in this county.) Of these five, two were foreigners who know nothing of the English language and of course were ignorant of our laws. The other three confessed that they supposed the death penalty still in existence; and one of them actually inquired of the officer who arrested him, if he should be hanged on that day—the day of his arrest. The Legislature, on the receipt of this report, voted that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject;—a wise decision I think.

In connection with this matter the following statement made by Mr. Broomall, in a speech in the Pennsylvania legislature, is of great interest. The event occurred in Delaware county, and we quote from the Harrisburgh Telegraph:

A young girl of fair character was unfortunate in giving birth to an illegitimate child. Some time afterwards she made an excuse one afternoon to visit a neighbor, she took the child with her, but returned alone.—Search was made for it and it was found buried in the woods, in the neighborhood.—On these circumstances she was tried and convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged; but such had been her previous character, and so apparently discordant to her disposition was the perpetration of such a fearful crime, that those who knew her best

could not believe her guilty. But she did not and would not make any explanation or denial of her guilt, until the evening before the execution was to take place; when believing that her fate was sealed she confessed to her brother alone in her cell, that the father of the child had induced her to meet him in the woods under a promise of immediate marriage, when he murdered the child and buried it in her presence, in the place where it was found. She preferred losing her own life innocently, to prosecuting the father he procured from the Governor she was executed. Circumstances afterwards transpired, such as the finding of the letter inviting her to the meeting, and others, which rendered it certain that this is true, and that she had been unjustly condemned. So this brave and generous girl was sacrificed to an unyielding law.

From the Liberator.

Extracts from a Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

At the Melodeon, on the first Anniversary of the rendition of Thomas Sims, April 12, 1852.

When the Pulpit preached slave-hunting, and the Law bound the victim, and Society said 'Amen! this will make money'—we were 'fanatics'—'enthusiasts'—'seditionists'—'disorganizers'—'scorners of the pulpit'—'traitors.' Genius of the Past! drop not from thy tablets one of these honorable names.—We claim them all, as our surest title deeds to the memory and gratitude of mankind.—We indeed thought Man more than Constitutions; Humanity and Justice of more worth than law. Seal up the record! If Boston is proud of her part, let her rest assured we are not ashamed of ours!

All this has been said so often, that it is useless to dwell on it now. The best use that we can now make of this occasion, it seems to me, is to look about us, take our bearings, and tell the fugitives over whom yet hangs this terrible statute, what course, in our opinion, they should pursue.

And, in the first place, it is neither frank nor honest to keep up the delusive idea that a fugitive slave can be protected in Massachusetts. I hope I am mistaken; I shall be glad to be proved incorrect; but I do not believe there is any such Anti-Slavery sentiment here as is able to protect a fugitive whom the Government has once laid its hand. We were told this afternoon, from this platform, that there were one hundred and fifty men in one town, ready to come with their muskets to Boston—all they waited for was an invitation. I heard, three weeks before the Sims case, that there were a hundred in one town in Plymouth county, pledged to shoulder their muskets in such a cause. We say nothing of them. I heard, three weeks after the Sims rendition, that there were two hundred men in the city of Worcester ready to have come, had they been invited. We saw nothing of them.—On such an occasion, from the nature of the case, there cannot be much previous concert; the people must take their own course into their own hands. Intense earnestness of purpose, prevailing large classes, must instinctively perceive the crisis, and gather all spontaneously for the first act which is to organize revolution. When the Court was in pursuit of John Hampden, we are not told that the two thousand men who rode up to London the next morning, to stand between their representative and a king's frown, waited for an invitation. They assembled of their own voluntary and individual purpose, and found themselves in London.—Whenever there is a like determination throughout Massachusetts, it will need no invitation. When, in 1775, the British turned their eyes toward Lexington, the same invitation went out from the Vigilance Committee of Mechanics in Boston, as in our case of April, 1851. Two lanterns on the North Church steeple telegraphed the fact to the country: Reverse and Prescott, as they rode from house to house in the gray light of that April morning, could tell little what others would do—they flung into each house the startling announcement, 'The red-coats are coming!' and rode on. None that day issued orders—none obeyed aught but his own soul. Though Massachusetts, rocked from Barnstable to Berkshire, when the wires flashed over the land the announcement that a slave lay chained in the Boston Court-House, there was no answer from the Anti-Slavery feeling of the State. It is sad, therefore, but it seems to me honest, to say to the fugitive in Boston, or on his way, that if the Government once seize him, he cannot be protected here. I think we are bound, in common kindness and honesty, to tell them there are but two ways that promise any refuge from the horrors of a return to bondage: one is to fly—to place themselves under the protection of that Government which with all her faults, has won the proud distinction that slaves cannot breathe her air—the fast-anchored isle of empire, where tyrants and slaves may alike find refuge from vengeance and oppression. AND THIS IS THE COURSE I WOULD ADVISE EVERY MAN TO ADOPT. THIS, UNLESS THERE ARE, IN HIS PARTICULAR CASE, IMPERATIVE REASONS TO THE CONTRARY, IS HIS DUTY. If this course be impossible, then the other way is to arm himself, and by resistance secure in the free State a trial for homicide—trusting that no jury will be able so far to crush the instincts of humanity as not to hold him justified.

But some one may ask, why countenance, even by a mention of it, this public resistance—your whole enterprise repudiates force? Because this is a very different question from the great issue, the Abolition of Slavery. On that point, I am willing to wait. I can be patient, no matter how often that is defeated by treacherous statesmen.—The cause of three millions of slaves, the destruction of a great national institution, must proceed slowly; and like every other change in public sentiment, we must wait patiently for it, and the best policy there is, beyond all question, the policy of submission, for that gains, in time, on public sympathy. But this is a different case. Who can ask the trembling, anxious fugitive to stop and submit patiently to the overwhelming chances of going back, that his late may, in some different manner, and far off hour, influence for good the destiny of his fellow-millions? Such virtue must be self-moved. Who could stand and ask it of another?—True, Thomas Sims returned is a great public event, calculated to make Abolitionists; but the game sickness me, when the counters are living men. We have no right to use up fugitives for the manufacture of Anti-Slavery sentiment. There are those who hang one man to benefit another, and create a wholesome dread of crime. I shrink from using human life as raw material for the production of any state of public opinion, however valuable. I do not think we have a right to use up fugitives slaves in this pitiless way, in order to extend or deepen an Anti-Slavery sentiment. At least, I have no right to use them so, without their full consent. It seems to me, therefore, we are bound to tell those who have taken refuge under the laws of Massachusetts, what they must expect here. The time was when we honestly believe they might expect protection. That time, in my opinion, has passed by. I do not certainly know when they may choose again to take another man from Boston. But I do know, that just so soon as any other miscreant Webster (buses and ebeys) shall think it necessary to lay another fugitive slave on the altar of his Presidential chances, just so soon will another be taken from the streets of Boston. I note the hisses. Do not understand me, that Mr. Webster himself will ever find it worth while to ask again this act of vassal service from his retainers. Oh, no! wait a few months, and his fate will be that of Buckingham.—"wicked but in will, of means bereft, He left not faction, but of that was left."

But even though he die or be shelved, the race of traitors will not be extinct; and it is a sickening dread for these two or three hundred men and women to live with this law, worse than the sword of Damocles, hanging over their heads. I believe the Abolitionists of the country owe it to their brethren to tell them what policy should rule their conduct in the present crisis. To be sure, we may ask them to stay, and when they are taken, to submit, and let the fact speak to the sympathies of the country, which will result in kindling public indignation; and if they choose, from deep religious convictions, to make themselves thus the field of Anti-Slavery growth, God bless them for the heroic self-sacrifice, which dictates such a course. But I cannot ask of a poor, friendless, broken-hearted fellow creature such a momentous sacrifice. I do say, in private, to every one that comes to me, 'But one course is left for you. There is no safety for you here; there is no law for you here. The hearts of the judges are stone; the hearts of the people are stone. It is in vain that you appeal to the Abolitionists.—They may be ready, may be able, ten years hence! But the 'brave of Adamses', to which our friend (Theodore Parker) alluded this morning, if they had mistaken 1775 for 1775, would have ended at the scaffold instead of the Declaration of Independence and the treaty of 1783. We must bide our time, and we must read, with unimpaired eyes, the signs of our time. If public opinion is strong, we want to know it; know it, that we may remind it. We will ourselves trumpet this secured Fugitive Slave Law under foul great cheering. We are a minority at present; we cannot do this to any great practical effect; and we are bound to suggest to these unfortunate who look to us for advice, some feasible plan. This, in my view, should be our counsel: 'Depart, if you can—if you have time and means.—As no one has a right to ask that you stay, and, if arrested, submit, in order that your case may convert men to Anti-Slavery principles; so you have no right, capriciously, to stay and resist, merely that your resistance may arouse attention, and awaken Anti-Slavery sympathy. It is a grave thing to break into the bloody house of life. The mere expectation of good consequences will not justify you in taking a man's life. You have a perfect right to live where you choose. No one can right fully force you away. There may be important and sufficient reasons, in many cases, why you should stay and vindicate your right, at all hazards. But in common cases, where no such reasons exist, it is better that you surrender your extreme right to live where you choose, than assert it in blood, and thus risk injuring the movement which seeks to aid your fellows. Put yourselves under the protection of the British flag; appeal to the humanity of the world. Do not linger here.—Does any friend of the cause exclaim, 'You take away the great means of Anti-Slavery agitation.' The sight of a slave carried back to bondage is the most eloquent appeal the Anti-Slavery cause can make to the sympathies of the public. I know it is bought by the sacrifice of one man, thrust back to the house of American bondage. Still, circumstances may prevent flight—imperative reasons may exist why he should remain here; he may be seized before he succeeds in escaping. I say to him, then, There is a course left, if you have the courage to face it. There is one appeal left, that has not yet been tried; it may avail you; I cannot insure you even that. It has now reached that pass when even the chance of a Boston gibbet may be no protection from a Georgia plantation; but if I were in your place, I would try (tremendous cheering!) The sympathies of the people will gather round you, if put on trial for such an act. The mortal hatred which would set the hounds of the law, thirsty for our blood, on keener scent, if we stood charged with legal offenses, would not reach you. I do not know that the State Prison would be any refuge from the jail at Savannah or Charleston; but there may be something in an appeal to a Massachusetts jury empanelled to try a man's INALIENABLE right to liberty, the

pursuit of happiness, and to protect himself; and I hope—I dare not hope much, but I do hope—that there is still humanity enough to bring you in 'guilty.' There is another point. I really believe if a jury of Boston merchants should steel themselves to a verdict of guilty, that a governor sitting in the seat of Samuel Adams or Henry Vane would never dare to sign the warrant, until he had secured a passage on board a Cunard steamer. I think, therefore, that it is possible an appeal to the criminal jurisdiction of the State might save a man. Perhaps it might be just that final blow which would stun this drunken nation into sobriety, and make it heed, at last, the claims of the slave.

Mark me! I do not advise any one to take the life of his fellow—to leave the somewhat, after all, unequal risk of the hard technical heart of a Massachusetts jury.—Such an act may be, after all, one's own iniquity. To burst away from all civil restraints, to throw one's self back on this primal right of self-protection, at all hazards, must be the growth of one's own thought and purpose. I can only tell the sufferer the possibilities that lie before him—tell him what I would do for myself, I would countenance another in doing, and aid him to the extent of my power.

No, I confess I am not a non-resistance. The reason why I advise the slave to be guided by a policy of peace is because he has no chance. If he had one—if he had as good a chance as those who went up to Lexington seventy-seven years ago, I should call him the basest recreant that ever deserted wife and child, if he did not vindicate his liberty by his own right hand (cheers).—And I am not by any means certain that Northern men would not be startled—would not be wholly startled—by one or two such cases as a second Bosted shot over his prisoned affidavit. If a Morton or a Curtis could be shot on a Commissioner's bench, by the hand of him they sought to sacrifice, I have no doubt that it would have a wholesome effect (great applause).—Is there a man here who would earlier himself go to Georgia, or let any one, near and dear to him, go there, if he could have arms in his hands, without sending somebody before him to a lighter and cooler place than a Georgia plantation?

I am not dealing with the cause of three millions of slaves. I am not dealing with the question of a great sin and wrong existing among us. I believe I understand the philosophy of reform. I understand the policy of waiting. I know that, in reforming great national plagues, we cannot expect to be in haste; that the most efficient protection for the three millions of slaves is to eradicate the prejudice of the twenty millions of whites who stand above them. I have learnt all that. But Mr. Chairman, the question to which I speak is a very different one. It is this. I, William Crafts, an independent, isolated individual in myself, am no more called to secure the safety of three million of slaves than you are. I, William Crafts, have succeeded in getting to Boston. I have reached what is called free territory. It happens that there are strong and sufficient reasons why I cannot leave those shores, or cannot yet leave them. I have got possession of arms. I have inquired of the most intelligent men, and they tell me that the laws afford me no protection. I have asked of the highest authorities on government, my duty in this emergency, and they tell me one and all, from Groton down to Lord Brougham, that when government ceases to protect the citizen ceases to owe allegiance. Very well. My case stands by itself. It is for me to decide to-night whether I will go back to Georgia to-morrow. It is no special comfort to assure me that half a century hence, somebody will go down to Faneuil Hall, some Robert C. Winthrop, perhaps, converted for the occasion—and pronounce an oration on the pulpit of American freedom. It is no answer to tell me, that, in order to this, it is considered by some people to be a great thing that the fugitive should go willingly and quietly back to Slavery.—There comes up to me a man who says he is an officer, and has a parchment warrant in his pocket. Somebody has given him authority to seize me. I am not to be bullied by institutions. I am not to be frightened by parchments. Forms and theories are nothing to me. Majorities are nothing. You have outlawed me from your law. You have exiled me from your protection. I am a descendant of Eau—every man's hand against me, my hand against every man. I have no time or means of escape, no defence, except I make it. If I make it, I secure the hour of liberty and escape. I decide to make it. I shoot the miscreant, and thus gain time to pass from the spot where I was to have been arrested, to freedom under the flag of England or on the deck of a vessel. Let him who fully knows his own heart and strength, and feels, as he looks down into his child's cradle, that he could stand by and see that little nestling one borne away, and submit—let him cast the first stone. But all you, whose blood is wont to stir over Naseby and Bunker Hill, will hold your peace, unless you are ready to cry—*Sic semper Tyrannus!* So may it ever be with slaveholders!

Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that the man who is not conscientiously a non-resistance, is not only entitled to be bound, to use every means that he has or can get, to resist arrest in the last resort. What is the slave, when he is once surrendered? He goes back to degradation worse than death. If he has children they are to perpetuate that degradation. He has no right to sacrifice himself or them to that extent. These are considerations which it is just as well to state, and to bring before the community.—I know my friend Mr. Garrison differs from me on this question. You will listen to him. I shall not quarrel if you agree with his judgment, and leave me alone. I am talking to-night to the men who say they were ready to take up their muskets in defence of Thomas Sims, or Shadrach, or somebody else. It is very well for fiction—

for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to paint a submissive slave, and draw a picture that thrills your hearts. You are very sensitive over 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Your nerves are very sensitive; see that your consciences are as sensitive as your nerves. If your hearts answered instead of your nerves, you would rise up every one of you Abolitionists, ready to sacrifice every thing, rather than a man should go back to Slavery. Let me see that effect, and then I will reckon the value of the tears that have answered to the wail of this magician; but till then, they are but the tears of a nervous reader under high excitement. Would those tears could crystallize into sentiment, crystallize into principle—into Christian principle, out of which the staple of Anti-Slavery patience and perseverance and self sacrifice is to be wrought! Guard yourselves, friends, against the delusive idea, that the tears and sad eyes you see about you are harbingers of a better hour for Massachusetts than this day twelve months saw darken over her fame. It may be so; but there is no certainty that it will be so. We are to speak to practical Massachusetts. I do not shrink from going before the farmers, the mechanics, and the workmen—the thinking men of Massachusetts, and urging upon them the consideration that the State, by solemn act, has proclaimed to every one that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive, and that, so far as she is concerned, the only thing left, the only possibility, the only chance remaining for the fugitive, lies in his own courage and good right arm. The city of John Hancock has proved that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive; Faneuil Hall where 'still the eloquent air breathes—burns' with Ois and Adams, is not holy enough to shelter the fugitive; Bunker Hill, red with the blood of the noblest men that ever fell in the cause of civil liberty, is not too sacred for fettered feet; the Churches, planted, as we have been told to-day, in tears in prayers, and in blood, have no altar hallowed for the fugitive; the Courts, even that which first naturalized Lord Mansfield's decision, drawing a nice distinction between slaves brought and slaves escaping—judges loving humanity so well, even in the hardest loving that, like their noble predecessors in the great case of Dred Scott, they 'taught him of a twig or a twain turned to uphold it'; that, too, long shut its doors on the fugitive—yes, against that very child, Man, should she again be seized, in whose behalf they settled this proud rule, I would say all this to the men about me, and add—There is one gleam of hope. It is just possible that the floor of the State's Prison may have a magic charm in it. That may save the fugitive, if he can once entitle himself to a place there. When, then, the occasion shall demand, let us try it (great cheering)! It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a gibbet, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can make it safe for a fugitive to remain in Massachusetts.

You will say this is bloody doctrine—anarchical doctrine; it will prejudice people against the cause. I know it will! Heaven pardon those who make it necessary for hunted men to turn, when they are at bay, and fly at the necks of their pursuers! It is not our fault! I shrink from no question, however desperate, that has in the kernel the possibility of safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours (cheers). I am willing to confess my faith. It is this: that the Christianity of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of dealing with the question of Slavery. I am willing to confess another article of my faith: that the Constitution and Government of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of grappling with the great question of Slavery. I agree with Burke—I HAVE NO IDEA OF A LIBERTY UNCONNECTED WITH HONESTY AND JUSTICE. NOR DO I BELIEVE THAT ANY GOOD CONSTITUTIONS OF GOVERNMENT OR OF FREEDOM CAN FIND IT NECESSARY FOR THEIR SECURITY TO DOOM ANY PART OF THE PEOPLE TO A PERMANENT SLAVERY. SUCH A CONSTITUTION OF FREEDOM, IF SUCH CAN BE IN EFFECT, NO MORE THAN ANOTHER NAME FOR THE TYRANNY OF THE STRONGEST FACTION; and factions in Republics have been and are full as capable as monarchies of the most cruel oppression and injustice! That is the language of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol; I agree with it (applause)! The greatest praise Government can win is, that its citizens know their rights, and dare to maintain them. I know no use for good laws, except to teach men to trample bad laws under their feet.

On these principles, I am willing to stand before the community in which I was born and brought up—where I expect to live and die—where, if I shall ever win any reputation, I expect to earn and keep it. As a sane man, a Christian man, and a lover of my country, I am willing to be judged by posterity, if it shall ever remember either this meeting or the counsels which were given in its course. I am willing to stand upon this advice to the fugitive slave—be filled in every effort to escape, or bound here by sufficient ties, exiled from the protection of the law, shut out from the churches—to persevere, resist, and make one last appeal to the human instincts of his fellow-men. Friends, it is time something should be said on these points. Twenty-six cases—twenty-six slave cases, under this last statute, have taken place in the single State of Pennsylvania. I do not believe one man in a hundred who hears me, supposed there were half a dozen cases there. So silently, so much a matter of course, so much without any public excitement, have those slaves been surrendered! Should the record be made up for the other States, it would probably be in proportion. Recollect, beside, the cases of kidnapping, not by any means unrequited, which are so much facilitated by the existence of laws like this. For slaves

for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to paint a submissive slave, and draw a picture that thrills your hearts. You are very sensitive over 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Your nerves are very sensitive; see that your consciences are as sensitive as your nerves. If your hearts answered instead of your nerves, you would rise up every one of you Abolitionists, ready to sacrifice every thing, rather than a man should go back to Slavery. Let me see that effect, and then I will reckon the value of the tears that have answered to the wail of this magician; but till then, they are but the tears of a nervous reader under high excitement. Would those tears could crystallize into sentiment, crystallize into principle—into Christian principle, out of which the staple of Anti-Slavery patience and perseverance and self sacrifice is to be wrought! Guard yourselves, friends, against the delusive idea, that the tears and sad eyes you see about you are harbingers of a better hour for Massachusetts than this day twelve months saw darken over her fame. It may be so; but there is no certainty that it will be so. We are to speak to practical Massachusetts. I do not shrink from going before the farmers, the mechanics, and the workmen—the thinking men of Massachusetts, and urging upon them the consideration that the State, by solemn act, has proclaimed to every one that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive, and that, so far as she is concerned, the only thing left, the only possibility, the only chance remaining for the fugitive, lies in his own courage and good right arm. The city of John Hancock has proved that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive; Faneuil Hall where 'still the eloquent air breathes—burns' with Ois and Adams, is not holy enough to shelter the fugitive; Bunker Hill, red with the blood of the noblest men that ever fell in the cause of civil liberty, is not too sacred for fettered feet; the Churches, planted, as we have been told to-day, in tears in prayers, and in blood, have no altar hallowed for the fugitive; the Courts, even that which first naturalized Lord Mansfield's decision, drawing a nice distinction between slaves brought and slaves escaping—judges loving humanity so well, even in the hardest loving that, like their noble predecessors in the great case of Dred Scott, they 'taught him of a twig or a twain turned to uphold it'; that, too, long shut its doors on the fugitive—yes, against that very child, Man, should she again be seized, in whose behalf they settled this proud rule, I would say all this to the men about me, and add—There is one gleam of hope. It is just possible that the floor of the State's Prison may have a magic charm in it. That may save the fugitive, if he can once entitle himself to a place there. When, then, the occasion shall demand, let us try it (great cheering)! It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a gibbet, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can make it safe for a fugitive to remain in Massachusetts.

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